DAY BY DAY.

As day by day, the sun uprises,
Darkness flies and light appears,
So, day by day, come new surprises,
Bring hope and chasing fear.
The sun may hide his beaming glances
When we think he most should shine;
But neither night nor day are chances—
All things move by law divine.

As, day by day, the feathered singer
Warbles forth his pure delight,
So, eye by eye, faint memories linger
Round the sable wings of Night.
And, day by day, their worship-chorus
Bids us lift our souls on high;
But, ah! we feel they stand before us,
And to God art seem to see high.

O day by day! ye have revealed
Hidden light where clouds were hung;
O blest to-day! thou hast unsealed
Rolls of promises unsung.
All the future tells me plainly
How much nobler I can be,
And the past too shows me vainly
What I long have failed to see.
—*Charles Webb, in Home Journal.*

A MAN THAT SUCCEEDED.

"My only daughter, sir," said Colonel Monteagle. "And, as I venture to hope, accomplished in the way. We are not much in the way of schools or academies here, but I have been her instructor myself, and she is a thorough mathematician, an excellent musician, and a linguist of no mean capacity. We are studying Hebrew now every day, she and I, and she devotes her evenings to comprehensive reviews of her Latin and Greek. She will be a scholar, sir, if I live to complete her education."

Mr. Crofton looked curiously at the oddly assorted pair—the silver-haired, shabbily attired old gentleman, with his bald forehead, eagle eye, and delicately white hands; and the dark-browed, sullen looking girl, with a gipsy skin, untidy frock and patched boots. Pretty? Yes, she might be pretty under some circumstances. The diamond itself is not an attractive stone before the lapidary's art has polished its rude angles into glittering facets of white fire. But she certainly possesses no sweet, feminine graces now.

"How old are you, Miss Monteagle?" he asked, finding it imperatively necessary to saw something.

And Mary Monteagle answered in words, "seventeen," while her looks replied plainly, "None of your business."

"Go, my child, and gather some flowers to deck our humble board," said the old gentleman magniloquently, while he conducted the son of his old friend into the tumble-down old stone house, where the carpets were moth-eaten, furniture mildewed, and every trace of decayed gentility told the sad story of better days.

Mrs. Monteagle, who had been a beauty once, and had her portrait engraved in a "Gallery of American Rosebuds," was sitting up in state in a battered boudoir in a black silk dress that must have been quite a quarter of a century old, with a flower in her silver sprinkled hair, and still preserving the girlish attitude in which the engraver's pencil had immortalized her, oddly contrasting with the sharpened outlines and haggard abruptness of her sixty odd years.

And this was the way the old couple lived, in the dead past, as it were, Colonel Monteagle starving contentedly on the recollection of his past grandeur, and his wife fondly fancying that time stood still since the days in which she had been counted worthy to be one of the "American Rosebuds."

Mrs. Monteagle sweetly welcomed her guest, and touched the little hand-bell at her side.

"We will dine, Sarepta," she said to the maid.

"Please, ma'am" breathlessly uttered that young person, "there ain't nothin' for dinner. We eat the last of the cold beef yesterday, and the dog he tipped over the pan of oysters, and—"

"That will do, Sarapta," said Mrs. Monteagle, with a red spot mounting to each of her cheek bones. "I said—we will dine!"

And Sarepta withdrew with a jerk.

The dinner was served presently—an instance of the magnetic power of will—but there were no cold beef, neither were there oysters. Fruit, a thin, watery soup of herbs and parsley, tastefully garnished salad of lettuce and mayonnaise, and a dish of peaches and cream formed the meal.

"Quite Arcadian!" said Mrs. Monteagle with a giggle.

"And very badly served," secretly commented Mr. Crofton to himself. "But the salad was nice."

"Where is Mary?" the colonel asked.

"Drinking in the beauties of the sunlight, I presume," the lady answered airily. "The poor child has an artist's soul, and we do not tie her down to any hours or rules."

The colonel fell asleep in his chair after dinner, Mrs. Monteagle and her painted fan withdrew themselves into the boudoir, and Mr. Crofton, inwardly bewailing himself that he had promised to remain at Monteagle manor, sauntered out upon the heights which overlooked the valley below. As he stood there a rustling sounded in the bushes, and the dark-browed gypsy sprang up the hillside.

"You have a nice place here, Miss Monteagle," he said, by way of making himself agreeable.

"I hate it!"

"I—beg your pardon," exclaimed Mr. Crofton in amazement.

"I do!" flashed the girl: "I hate it all! The learning and the poverty, the grand pretenses and miserable make-shifts."

"But—"

"Ah!" said Miss Monteagle, "You don't know it all. You never heard the tradesmen howling at the back doors like a pack of howling wolves; you don't know that the house is advertised for sale for tax arrears. How should you? How should you be aware that the very clothes we wear are not paid for, nor the coals that cook our dinner? Papa smokes his cigars and talks about the Mexican war; and mamma poses in the great chair and dreams of embroidery and tapestry; and I—I am expected to learn Arabic and Sanscrit, and nobody knows what else, and ignore our wretched poverty. But I can't. Who could?"

Mr. Crexton looked pityingly at the girl's sparkling eyes, and pale excited face.

"I am sorry to hear this," he said. "Can nothing be done?"

"Yes," said Miss Monteagle brusquely. "Something can be done—and I am doing it, so far as I can. But papa and mamma must not be allowed to suspect it. I am—learning a trade.

"You," he echoed. "A trade!"

"There's a factory near by here," she continued calmly. "The country girls earn a little pocket money there sewing on shirts. I am to have a machine as soon as I have learned to manage it. I go every evening, while papa fancies I am at the Greek and Latin, to farmer Pelham's, whose wife teaches me to use the machine. I am learning housework too. I made the mayonnaise for your salad to-day, and I baked the bread. Our servant can do nothing of the sort. But it would kill mamma to know that I had stooped, as she would call it, to menial labor."

"You are quite right," said Mr. Crofton.

"That is what I wanted to know," said Mary hastily. "Because living here all by myself in such a strange unnatural atmosphere, I sometimes get confused, and scarcely know right from wrong."

"But they will have to know it when—"

"When I really go into the factory," said Mary. "Yes, I knew that. But until then, I would fain spare them the pang. I am to have a dollar a day, Mrs. Helham says, if I operate the machine skillfully. And a dollar a day will buy mamma many a little luxury, and go toward paying the grocer and baker."

"You are a noble girl," said Mr. Crofton warmly, and in his eye, at that moment, Mary Monteagle was glorified with rare beauty, as she stood there, the fresh wind blowing her jetty curls about, the reflection of orange sunset deepening the color on her cheek, and the grave, far away sparkle of her eyes half veiled beneath the long lashes. "And if I could be of any assistance to you in the task—"

"You can," said the girl abruptly; "you can stay here and amuse papa so that he will not suspect what occupies my time. You can divert his attention from Sanscrit and Arabic and all these mysteries."

And for the first time in his experience of her, Mary Monteagle laughed—a mellow, bird-like laugh.

"I will," said Mr. Crofton heartily. And so the compact was sealed between them.

Instead of the week he had promised his father to spend with old Colonel Monteagle, the sojourn was extended to three. At the end of that period he gravely addressed himself to the dark-eyed daughter of the house.

"How is the trade?" said he.

"I am to have a machine next week," said Mary, with a conscious pride of one who has conquered fate: "and then only think of it, Mr. Crofton, I shall earn a dollar a day!"

"Mary, said Mr. Cryfton seriously, "I have been thinking of another plan for you. You tell me this farmer's wife has made a first-class housekeeper of you."

"I baked nice pies yesterday!" said Mary, exultantly. "and I have quilted a quilt, and made soft soap within the week!"

"I don't like the idea of your going to a factory," said Ml. Crofton. Suppose now, by way of variety, you were—to marry me?"

"But you are not in love with me," said Mary, opening her bright black eyes.

"But I am," said Mr. Crofton, with great gravity. "I have deliberately made up my mind that I can't be happy without you. And although I don't profess to be a rich man, I believe I can make you a better allowance than six dollars a week, while at the same time you will not be compelled to work ten hours a day for it. That is the business-like view of the question. Now to the more personal one. Don't you think, Mary, that you could love me?" Because I love you very much indeed."

"I—I don't know," whispered Mary. "I might try."

And then she blushed charmingly.

So Colonel Monteagle's daughter went to the fair Floridian plantation on the shores of the river St. John, and astonished every one with her thorough knowledge of housekeeping in all its details. And the two old people with their burden of care and insolvency lifted off their lives, dwelt quietly on in the ancient tower-like house, and talked to everybody who crossed their path of "the excellent marriage which my daughter Mary has contracted."

"A thorough scholar," says Colonel Monteagle, with dignity. "A musician, a linguist, a thorough Hebrew student, and proficient in Latin and Greek. I myself was her instructor. It is not singular that a girl of such intellectual power should marry well."

But Colonel Monteagle, honest man, never dreamed that it was a sewing machine and soft soap, the mayonnaise dressing, and a vehement struggle to get free from debt that conquered Mr. Crofton's heart. There are plenty of scholars and poetesses in the world; but a real womanly woman—is not her price far above rubies?"

Six years ago Mr. J. R. Roche, of Boston, and a St. Lawrence county (N. Y.) girl, through the intervention of mutual friends of each, opened a correspondence with each other, which was continued up to a few days ago, when the couple met at the home of the lady for the first time. The meeting almost instantly ripened the favorable impressions already formed, and the happy couple were married on the spot.

Whipple, the essayist, defines poetry as "the protest of genius against the reality of life." When a poet gets kicked out of an editor's sanctum it is the protest of the reality of life against genius.

Frog Stories.

The supposed reappearance from time to time of the sea-serpent is not a more open subject for credulous admiration or scoffing ridicule, as the case may be, than the innumerable stories of frogs or toads said to have been imprisoned for centuries, if not for unnumbered ages, in cavities in sandstone, or in coal, or in the heart of a tree, living through the long confinement, seemingly in the enjoyment of good health. The credulous or incredulous respectively believe in, or utterly reject all such stories. Among the latest of these remarkable accounts is one given in the *Times of India*, where we are told that a live frog was recently exhumed from among some Buddhist relics which had lain buried for seventeen hundred years, near a place called Bassein.

Supposed cases of toads being found alive in the heart of living trees, or in sandstone or coal, have been very numerous, and it is needless to point out that a frog only seventeen centuries old must feel that it is a mere raw youth in the presence of a toad which has watched the formation of the coal beds. Unfortunately, it can rarely be possible to get scientific evidence of a case of this time. There may be no question that a toad has been found in the center of a solid block of stone, but the stone was broken before it was found, and that there was no crevice leading to its position could only be proved by carefully fitting the stone together again. This has generally become impossible before any scientific man hears of the case. In 1825 Dr. Buckland made a series of experiments to test the possibilities of a toad surviving long periods of confinements without food or air. He made twelve cells in a large block of porous limestone, and put a toad into each, covering the mouth of the cell with a plate of glass carefully cemented on. The block was then buried three feet deep in his garden. After a year it was dug out and examined, when most of the toads were found still alive. Some were emaciated, but in two of the cells the prisoners had actually grown heavier. In one of these the glass plate was found to be cracked so that minute insects might have entered, but the other cell was quite sound, and yet the toad had gained a quarter of an ounce in weight.

To explain this Dr. Buckland is driven to the hypothesis that there must have been some flaw in the cement with which the glass was fastened. All the surviving toads were buried again, and before the end of the year they were all dead. Twelve toads were also immured in much smaller cells in a block of hard sandstone, impervious to air or water, and they all perished within one year. Dr. Buckland was evidently not satisfied with the result of these experiments, and indeed they prove a good deal in favor of the toad's powers, while they disprove nothing. They prove that a toad immured in a close cell, with no visible crevice for the admission of food, may not only survive for a year, but actually grow, while they do not prove that it may not do the same thing for a century under better conditions. For Dr. Buckland admits that he had caught the toads two months before he experimented with them, and they were in a meager or unhealthy condition; and there is a point even more important that he does not touch on, namely that they may not have been at that particular time disposed to torpor. There must be a very great difference between the state of an animal imprisoned against its will, and that of one prompted by its own instincts to seek retirement. A bear in a cage dying for want of food, does not prove that the bear never hibernates. And Dr. Buckland himself mentions casually, that when he examined the toads, as he frequently did during the second year, he found them always wide-awake with their eyes open. This alone seems to deprive his experiments of all the value as evidence of the kind required, for the possibility of any animal surviving long without food, depends upon its being in such a state of torpor that all vital functions are entirely or almost entirely suspended. In that state the need for food is reduced almost to zero, and considering that a toad has been known to live an active life in captivity for forty years, and then did not wear out but met a violent death, they must be made of good wearing material, and there may be no possible limit to the time for which one, properly put to sleep and hermetically sealed will "keep." I don't know how long frogs live.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Postal Matters.

Letter postage has been reduced to two cents for the half ounce. The postal notes for sums less than five dollars have also made their appearance, and will prove a great convenience for making payments by mail, hence will be greatly favored by newspapers and retail dealers, who distribute packages of goods throughout the country. They will be issued in any fractional part of five dollars, hence their great convenience for retail trade. No doubt the next Congress will give a parcel post similar to that of Great Britain and Germany. There was a time when kings and nobles reaped all the advantage from the central authority, but now the public have come to the fore, and are demanding that they too should be benefited by the action of the central machinery of the government, hence national postoffices, saving banks and other agencies by which the nation helps every individual within its borders. The cheapest postal service in the world is that of Japan, where letters are conveyed all over the Empire for two sen—that is about one and two-fifths cents of our money. This is the more wonderful as the country has little over one hundred miles of railway, a small steam marine, and rather poor roads. The portraits on the new United States postage stamps that came in use October I are: One-cent, Franklin; two-cent, Jackson; three-cent, Washington; five-cent, Garfield; six-cent, Lincoln; seven-cent, Stanton; ten-cent, Jefferson; twelve-cent, Clay; fifteen-cent, Scott; thirty-cent Hamilton; ninety-cent, Perry.—*From Demorest's Monthly for November.*

A Couple of Cranks.

"There is a woman in the bureau of the printing and engraving," said the tall, gaunt man who is very superstitious. I speak of this because I am very superstitious myself. I picked up a horseshoe yesterday, and though I knew there was nothing in it, carried that dirty chunk of iron around with me all day, afraid to drop it until I reached home. That horseshoe cost me $12.60 cents that I know of, and perhaps three times that amount in ways I don't know anything about, not counting the loss of three pounds of flesh and a volume of nervous energy. It wore blisters on my hands, tore a $3 umbrella to shreds, and caused me to forget a $4.50 pair of shoes which I had laid down on the seat of herdic. I forgot the disreputable talisman in a life insurance office, paid ten cents horse car fare to go back after it. While I was traveling there and back to the place where I started from, the treasury department shut up for the day, and I missed a chance to get hold of a last year's report which I could have sold to Boynton for $500. I hung on to the horseshoe, though, and on reaching home I threw it into the further corner of my back yard, and there it lies.

"That printing and engraving woman is a bigger crank than I am on the subject of horseshoes. She is finding them continually, and would part with her life rather than lose or let go one of them. She takes them home and makes ornaments of them pen racks, paper weights and the like.

To conceal their ugliness she has them gilded, and as it costs thirty cents to decorate a horseshoe in this way, she finds the tax quite heavy sometimes.

You see, she has about two miles to walk every morning, and she occasionally reaps a harvest of horseshoes that are shed by the night line horses.

When the night liner wants to steal upon an easy customer they make their horses take their shoes off and slip along barefoot. You didn't know that? Well, I declare, I thought everybody knew that!

"One morning a very mean blacksmith down on Fifteenth street, two or three blocks this side of the bureau, who knew the little woman's weakness, laid for her, and when he saw h... turn out of the avenue and trip d... in his direction, he dropped ab... hundred old horseshoes all along ... sidewalk and gutters, scattering them for a block or two. The poor victim's eyes sharpened with superstitious fear, never missed one of them, and when she arrived at the end of the ...t, she had a load John Sullivan would have hesitated to tackle. She thought it must have hailed horseshoes, and that she had struck the path of the storm in the center. She had horseshoes enough to make a necklace for Barnum's Jumbo, and she actually lugged the back-breaking collection of old junk a quarter of a mile. Then the wicked blacksmith overtook her and told her what he had done. When they dug him out from under the pile of horseshoes, he said he thought the Washington monument had fallen on him."

Mexico is the only city on this continent, except New York, with opera all the year around. During the most of the time it is Spanish, but during the winter there are one or two long seasons of Italian opera of the first class, and also of the French opera, the latter being by the same companies which entertain New Orleans. The Spanish opera of the lighter type is a musical drama in the true sense, being generally serious, with a tendency to the spectacular and relieved by a comic tenor. The action is usually exciting, and the ballet plays a conspicuous part. The music, both orchestral and vocal, has often a tendency to extreme elaboration, vying sometimes with the grand opera, both Meyerbeer and Rossini occasionally serving as models. A peculiar feature of the Spanish musical stage, and not an agreeable one, is the artificial and conventional method of acting, copied from Italian precedents. They set the stage magnificently in the spectacular pieces, while the ballet is exceptionally good.

In the far west a man advertises for a woman to wash, iron and milk one or to cows. What does he want his cows washed and ironed for?

A clerk at a Pittsburgh stockyard appropriately refers to his salary as a stypenned.'—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

The tooth-pick boot isn't worth much to kick a tramp with. It does't cover enough surface.

Meyers, W. Va.—Dr. W. D. Ewis, says: "Many esteem Brown's Iron Bitters as an excellent tonic."

What Struck Him.

"So you've been to the city?" said one countryman to another.

"Yes, I took her in."

"Pretty big thing?"

"You bet."

"Lots of people, lots of houses, lots of rush and hurry and wagons and teams and things?"

"Lots of 'em."

"What struck you first after you got straightened out for your sight seeing?"

"Oh, nothing only a brick a mason let fall off a house while I was loafing around below seeing how city folks do their work."

The mosquito as a public singer draws well, but never gives satisfaction.

The Expressive Eye.

"The eye," says Buffon, is "the great exponent of character." Buffon is correct. When the blue eye is encircled half way down the cheeks with a ring of ebon hue, puffed up like a new muffin, it is an indication that the character of the man who owns that eye, and who would give $10 if he could see with it, is no purer than the eye. And when the eyes are red as to drooping lids, and prolific in unemotional tears, and have a general burnt-hole-in-a-blanket expression, it is a sign that they see through a glass highly about once every fifteen minutes, and that they keep open as long as the man's mouth does. To see both eyes shut and the mouth wide open is a sign that life's short dream is at shore. When a man's eyes try to look at each other over the top of his nose it is a sign that he has to have his spectacles cut bias. Dancing eyes are, of course, indications of eye-balls. A longing for greens is indicated by I browse. A cross-eye lens an Xtra expression of benevolence in the i, thus giving it a II IX appearance. C? spectacles have a miraculous power, enabling a man to see with his mica, or eyes in glass, as you please. "A sigh for an eye" was probably written of near sighted men. A blind man is apt to be magnanimous, as he always hits a man of his eyes. The eye appears to be one solid globe, but it is built in tears. But you bet it has the nerve.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

A Voice from the Northwest.

Milwaukee, Wis.,—The *Daily Sentinel*, which is the leading morning paper of this state, writes: "St. Jacobs Oil, the wonderful remedy for rheumatism, has been used by a large number of people in this city, and with effect truly marvelous."

The bored of trade—retired merchants.

THE NEW POSTAL RATES.

Congress in adopting a strictly first-class postal system, at a still further reduction in rates, struck the popular chord of the people. The Manager of the Grand Union Hotel (opposite the Grand Central Depot), New York City, in conducting a strictly first-class hotel on a basis of reduced rates, was the pioneer in proving that Americans appreciate first-class service, and accommodations at moderate prices. While the United States can now boast of the most perfect and cheapest postal system in the world, New York, in possessing the Grand Union, can boast of the largest, the best, and cheapest hotel (on the European plan) in America. While the reduction in postage, which took effect October 1st, renders our postal system far more popular with the masses, it cannot outrival the firm hold that the Grand Union Hotel has gained, and ... the heart of its thousands of patrons. ... with its 450 rooms, at $1 and up... its 80,000 patrons helped to ... of the U. S. postal system. ... its 600 rooms, at $1 and ... than 100,000 guests ... now in vogue.

... should have ...

The co... nickels of soc...

"*Mother Swan's Wor...*

The biggest thing—... you expect to make by specu...

'Tis Frequently Recommended.

Mr. H. C. Mooney of Astoria, Ill., writes us that Allen's Lung Balsam which he has sold for fifteen years, sells better than any other Cough remedy, and give general satisfaction. 'Tis frequently recommended by the medical profession here.

All hail the power of Peach stone Liniment, the king destroyer of all rheumatic pains.

"*Buchu-Paiba.*" Quick complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary diseases. $1

Ice cream may taste good, but it's cold comfort, after all.

The sick, worn and dejected should read the advertisement of Golden's Liquid Beef Tonic.

All that it is cracked up to be—flour.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against Fever and Ague, and other Intermittent Fevers, the "**Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya,**" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from Fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

"*Rough on Rats,*" clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks.

An enricher of the blood and purifier of ...

For every pain with is heir to try Peach Stone Liniment—safe action and relief is the result—to a sufferer of 20 years' standing.

The hottest thing—A raisin laying in ambush in a mouth full of hot plum pudding.

Iredell County, N. C.—The Ex-Sheriff, Mr. W. F. Wasson, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters has improved my digestion and general health."

The longest thing—Your friend's favorite story.

In a letter from Hon. Mrs. Perry, Castle Grey, Limerick, Ireland, Brown's Bronchial Troches are thus referred to: "Having brought your 'Bronchial Troches' with me when I came to reside here, I found that after I had given them away to those I considered required them, the poor people will walk for miles to get a few." For Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases they have no equal. *Sold only in boxes.*

A corner in pork—A pig's ear.

Hold the Fort.

J. M. Fort, Monmouth, Ill., writes:—Having used SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, according to the directions given, for the purpose of enriching and purifying the blood and regulating the liver, and having found the medicine to do all that you claim for it, I cheerfully recommend its use to all persons affected likewise.

Joy to the Invalid.—Persons afflicted with any of the diseases arising from a disordered liver, stomach, nervous debility, dyspepsia or liver complaint, should try Perry Davis' Pain Killer. It seldom fails to effect a cure in a very short time.

The shortest thing—The memory of the perpetual borrower.

At certain seasons of the year nearly every person suffers to a greater or less extent from impurity of the blood, biliousness, &c., &c. This should be remedied as soon as discovered, otherwise serious results may follow. Herman's "Prickly Ash Bitters" will effectually remove all taint of disease and return to health.

—The old counties that have failed to get their full quota of county school lands, by reason of conflicts in surveys and defective locations, have been paying attorneys and land agents from $250 to $500 to get the lands. Commissioner Walsh says the county judge and any two county commissioners of such county, by making application, as the law prescribes, can get patents for the deficiency of lands without further expense, except to refund to the state the cost of survey, which is about $12.50 per league.—*Gomer Herald.*